

MANY WATERS—BY MARGARET DELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY REINHOLD PALENSKE

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"Well?"

"True bill; I'm awfully sorry."

Thomas Fleming did not speak. The other man, his lawyer, who had brought him the unwelcome news, began to make the best of it.

"Of course, it's an annoyance; but—"

"Well, yes. It's an annoyance," Fleming said dryly.

Fleming knocked the ashes from his cigar. He was silent.

"As for Hammond, he won't have a leg to stand on. I don't know what Ellis & Grew meant by letting him take the case before the grand jury. He won't have a leg to stand on!"

"What has Hammond got to support his claims anyhow?" Bates continued. It is his opinion that you pinched \$3,000 from the Hammond estate? His memory of something somebody said 12 years ago, and an old check. Well, we won't do a thing to 'em!"

His client stood absently locking and unlocking his desk. "I suppose it will be in the evening papers?" he said.

"Oh, I guess so," the younger man said easily. "The findings of the jury were reported this morning. Plenty of time for the editions."

"Then I'll take an early train home," Thomas Fleming said quickly. "My wife—" he paused.

"Doesn't Mrs. Fleming know about it?" the lawyer said, surprised.

"No," the other man said gloomily. "I didn't want her to worry over it. But, of course, now she's got to know."

The lawyer behind him, at the office door, hesitated.

"Fleming, really, it isn't going to amount to anything. Of course, I know how you feel about Mrs. Fleming, but—"

The man at the window turned

round. "Rather than have her disturbed, I'd compromise on it. I'd pay him. I'd—"

The lawyer raised his eyebrows. "This time, I think, Hammond is honest. I guess he really believes he has a case, but Ellis & Grew are sharks, and you'd be encouraging blackmail to compromise. Anyway, you couldn't do it. Grew volunteered the information that their man 'couldn't be bought off'; he meant to put it through, Grew said. I told him they'd got the wrong pig by the ear. I told him that Thomas Fleming wasn't the kind of man who purchases peace at the cost of principle. They're shysters, and I gave 'em plain talk. Now, don't let Mrs. Fleming take it to heart. Tell her I say it will be a triumph!"

He went off, laughing. Fleming took up his black cloth bag and poked about among some papers; then unlocked his desk, and found what he had been looking for—a box of candy for his wife. A minute later he was in the street. As he moved along with the surge of the homeward-bound crowd, he looked doubtfully into the flower stores; he wished he had bought violets for Amy instead of candy; he had taken her candy last Saturday. He debated whether he had not better get the violets, too, but decided against them, because Amy was stern with him when he was extravagant for her sake. She never saw extravagance in any purchase he made on his own account!

So Fleming, smiling, forbore to add a bunch of violets to his box of candy. After all, it was his thought that would bring the delicate and happy color up into her face, not the gift itself. They were very happy, these two; perhaps because they were only two. There had been a baby, but it had only lived long enough to draw them very close together, and not, as sometimes hap-